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From the Author

Agnes,

THE

INDIAN CAPTIVE.

A POEM, IN FOUR CANTOS.

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY THE

REV. JOHN MITFORD, A.B.

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TO

ROBERT MITFORD, ESQ.

THIS POEM

IS INSCRIBED WITH MUCH AFFECTION

BY

HIS BROTHER,

THE AUTHOR.

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Agnes,

THE

INDIAN CAPTIVE.

CANTO I.

I.

—It is the noon of night;—
A flood of splendor streams o'er Delhi's wall;
And in that fair moonlight
How dark and deep the giant shadows fall!

The mooned mosque, the palmy grove,
Are shining in the silver ray;
And all is bright, below, above,
As in the blaze of day.
With diamond hue, the maiden beam
Glitters on Jemna's pleasant stream;
And lights the poplar leaves that shade
The cool and arched colonnade.
All still and silent is the air,
Or only gentle sounds are there;
The rush that bends its tufted head,
To kiss the river's placid bed;
The water gurgling as it creeps,
Where on its leaf the lily sleeps;
The pine's low song-like whispers heard,
Like twittering from the forest bird;

Or leaping fish, whose lonely sound
Half wakes the echoes slumbering round.

II.

But where yon bended mountains seem,
With green slope stealing to the vale;
Is it the moon, whose silvery beam
Illumes their summits pale?
Or are they meteor-fires that glow,
With wavering glimmer to and fro,
Across the marish fen?
And is it but the bittern's boom,
Or Chacal's bark, who through the gloom
Is yelling from his den?
It is a brighter fire I guess,
That lights yon lonely wilderness.

'Tis not the wild bird's plaintive sound,
That moans along the desart bound;
'Tis not the fire-fly's twinkling gleam,
Or lustre of the wan moonbeam:
It is the glare of torches bright,
That sparkle through the shadowy night;
It is the tread of armed men
Who shake so deep the forest fen.

III.

Encamped within that rocky vale,
The weary warriors lay;
And sooth it were a glorious tale
To tell, how over hill and dale
They wound their lonely way.

Around their helms the javelins rung,
Through their dark locks the tempest sung,
While all around, below, beside,
Was one huge desart wild and wide.
And many an icey precipice,
That yawned above the dark abyss;
And like the angel form of death,
Rolled the red Sameel's panting breath;
Yet never looked they back to find
Those pleasant hills they left behind;
Sought not the breeze, that, fresh and cool,
Played through the leaves of Canighùl;
Nor thought upon that distant land
Where rose the spires of Samarcand.
They trod o'er Kantell's cliffs of snow;
By Cashmere's lakes that spread below;

And rode by Ghisni's granite steep,
And Nilah's waters dark and deep.
Through Moultan's caney jungles sped,
And over Cagga's flinty bed;
And Batnir's frowning fortress passed,
And Hissar's forests gained at last;
Nor staid till in the morning beam
They saw high Delhi's turrets gleam;
And viewed its mosques of marble throw
Aloft in air their domes of snow.

IV.

A lion-heart had he who led
O'er rock and hill his warrior band;
Before his path of slaughter fled
The bravest of the land.

And Timur's name would scare to rest
The infant at the mother's breast;
Closer the fearful virgin crept,
And o'er the tale of horror wept;
The old man when he heard the sound
Would smite his staff upon the ground;
Weak was the arm of youth to rear
Against his bands the slaughtering spear;
And dim was manhood's eagle eye,
When Timur's ensigns floated nigh.

V.

—Hushed was the camp;—the watchfire's light
Long since had died away;
But yet around its embers bright,
The way-worn warriors through the night
In heavy slumber lay.

In careless fragments strewn around,
Their armour glitter'd on the ground;
Breastplate, and helm, and arrow-sheaf,
As side by side slept slave and chief.
The night breeze shook the plumes that lay
Like snow wreaths on the grassy clay.
The banner-flags together flung,
Beneath its moving current swung.
In even row, and closely bound,
Their fodder'd food the chargers ground;
And loud and deep the iron chains
Clashed, as they shook their dusty manes.
Hoarsely the angry watch dogs bayed,
As prowled the wild wolf through the shade;
Or when along the tainted air
They snuffed the leopard's bloody lair;

And driven in from holt and hill,
All night was heard the bleating shrill
Of the penn'd flocks, that sought in vain
The verdure of their native plain;
And in the sweet and scented gale
Remember'd well their pleasant vale.

VI.

Now frequent swelled the heavy sound
Of horse-hoofs, trampling through the glade;
And iron steps that shook the ground,
And forms that crossed the thicket's shade;
And voices borne along the wind
Of them, who weak, and far behind,
Had tracked their footprints through the dew,
Their path by blazing forests knew,

And saw the smoke that marked their way,
And followed by the flaming prey,
And joyed to spy the vulture's wing,
High in the mid-air hovering;
Till stretched along the moonlight plain,
They saw their long-sought camp again.
Last of the gathering crowd were seen
Two female forms of nobler mien;
Yet strange their dress, and sad their air;
They seemed the Christian garb to wear,
Save that the Moorish turbant bound
With silken fold their forehead round;
And in the night-breeze floated far
The flowery scarf and rich cymar;
And spread in princely garb to see
The golden kirtle to the knee;

Loose o'er their breasts their tresses flew,
Wet with the damp and nightly dew,
And ghastly shone their cheek, and pale,
Half-seen beneath the shadowy veil.

VII.

Beside their steeds a warrior strode;
An iron spear his footsteps stayed;
And like an armed guard he trode,
As down those craggy steps they rode,
That gained the woodland shade.
Adown his side his sabre swung,
His moonlight shield beside him hung,
And in that fair unclouded light,
Its cross displayed like silver bright.
And pacing o'er the yellow sand
Still kept he safe the bridle-hand;

Or tracked the forest-path that wound
Scarce seen beneath the leafy ground;
Or lopt the o'er-hanging boughs that fell,
And half o'ergrew the narrow dell;
While many a gentle word between,
  Of hope and comfort he would say;
To cheer amid that lonely scene
  The sad companions of his way.
He shewed where 'gainst the cypress shade,
The elk his antler'd head had frayed;
He pointed where the white moonbeam
Slept floating on the lonely stream,
And loved its snowy brow to lave
Within the water's wrinkled wave;
Or glitter through the greenshaw bowers,
Like stars that light the fairy's towers;

He bade them mark the flitting bird,
That through the dusky opening stirred;
Or list the ivy's flapping sound,
That clasped the giant cedar round;
And hoped some passing thought to find,
That just might sooth the troubled mind;
And like a talisman would scare
The foul enchantment of despair.

VIII.

In youth's first prime was Ferdinand;
Yet his the strength that manhood gave;
The fairest maiden of the land,
I deem, would plight her rosy hand
To one so beautiful and brave.
And well the plumed casque became
His snowy brow, and eye of flame;

And o'er his cheek the breeze would fling
The vermeil blossoms of the spring:
He who would win a lady's love
  Need have a face so fair;
So beautiful a brow; above
  Such sable length of hair.
For are they not by beauty led,
  And manliness of form to wed?
They loved the bard; his harp they loved,
  That rang so bright in hall and bower;
Yet never bard those ladies moved,
  To be his paramour.

IX.

But to the brave and youthful knight,
  And to the lord of wealthy lands,
They yielded up their maiden right,
  And plighted faith and hands:

And say, boasts now the poet's prayer
More magic influence o'er the fair,
Than when, high placed at regal board,
His strain the raptured minstrel poured?
Yet sooth those dames I would not blame,
Lest they the bard uncourteous name,
And deem him most ungently born,
Who thus would move a lady's scorn;
But we will to our read return,
  Lest riding down the forest-side,
Amid the desert-moss and fern,
  Some ill fair Agnes should betide,
Or her, who by her side is seen
With faded form, and ghastly mien;
And woe-worn eye, whose troubled ray
Too plainly tells no brighter day:

The mother who upon her knee
Had nursed her playful infancy,
And watched her grow beneath her sight,
From infant shape to woman's height,
And seen each opening feature spread
Like rose-buds on their native bed;
The laughing graces of the child
Sink in expression meek and mild,
As the bright radiance of the day
Softens in evening shades away;
E'en she who with a mother's pride
Had reared her by her guardian side,
Till now in youth's maturer hour
She saw her bloom a beauteous flower,
In that shrunk form could hardly tell
Her gay, her playful Isabel.

X.

—'Tis morn!—for see the orange streaks
Are stretching down the sky;
And as its lustre brighter breaks,
The twilight shadows fly.
O'er each high crag and mountain head
The orient beams their purple spread,
And o'er the woodlands dark and dun
Like a bright angel walks the sun.
From bank and bush, from hill and stream,
Slowly the curling vapours steam,
And spread their skirts of silver dew,
Decked with the rainbow's emerald hue;
Each lonely branch and silent spray
Now pours aloud its jocund lay,
As if some wizard's power had hung
On each green leaf a tuneful tongue.

XI.

"Away! away! ere the morning ray
Has scatter'd the silver dew;
And o'er hill and mead the dark hounds lead,
Of eye and nostril true.
And in the scented cedar-grove
The royal tent prepare;
For through the forest-glades we'll rove,
From inland-glen, and river-cove,
To shake the wild beast's lair.

Few are the bands, and weak of power,
That guard each trench and hostile tower,
And weaker still (dark Timur cried),
I know yon Soldan's coward pride:
One day—and Schiraz' purple wine
Within his golden cup shall shine;

One day—and he may soothe to rest
His cares on many a maiden's breast;
A redder vintage soon shall glow,
His lip a deeper draught shall know,
A softer couch shall soon be spread,
To ease the monarch's throbbing head;
And armed warriors, dark and deep,
Shall fan him to his fevered sleep."

XII.

'Tis sweet in pleasant summer tide
With hawk, and horn, and hound to ride,
  Through glen and greenwood gay;
And sweet the bloom of forest-bowers,
When every field is full of flowers
  'Twixt Midsummer and May.

When blood-hounds yell, and arrows fly,
And shouts of huntsmen rend the sky,
  And wild deer from the covert spring:
And falcons high in mid-air soar,
And Echo louder gives the roar
  Of bugle-blast and clarioning.
Then sweet it is through glen and grove
With lady by our side to rove;
But nobler was that chase, I ween,
  And prouder was the prey;
From Delhi's gazing turrets seen,
When broke, like shafts of lightning keen
Flashing each struggling cloud between,
  The golden dawn of day.
Scarce could they tell (so swift and strong
The trampling squadrons rode along),

For chase or combat they;
Loud rose the watchman's warning call;
Till harmless by the moated wall
The thundering horsemen passed away.

XIII.

And gay the sight when o'er the plain
Rode forth that beauteous cavalcade;
The proud steed spurned the rider's rein,
And tossed on high his snowy mane,
And bounded down the glade
With head high lifted to the gale;
The tall dogs coursed along the vale;
The wild hawk flicker'd with his wing,
And stooped as if to fly;
And lo! the ounce in act to spring;
E'en now the leash has slipt its ring,
And hark the red deer's cry!

It falls!—but why that plaintive sound?
Why backward flies each cowering hound?
With fluttering wing down yonder hill,
Why screams the peacock harsh and shrill?
Why flow in many a bursting tide
The sweat drops down the courser's side?
Shout!—for the tiger's roused!—he's fled
Adown yon crashing thicket's bed;
Speed swift the arrow from the bow!
He reels, he seeks the jungle's shade;
Well sped!—that second shaft has laid
The grinning savage low.

XIV.

So they with sabre and with spear,
And dogs of chase and fowls of flight,
O'er heath and hill the spotted deer
Pursued through morning's dewy light.

The antelope, and swift gazelle,
And many a noble antler fell.
O'er dark morass and deep ravine
They hawked the gilded florekine,
Pursued the wild swan o'er the lake,
And pounced the musk deer in the brake;
In their meshed nets the crane was toiled;
The peacock's flowery plume was soiled;
And from his height the crested heron
Fell weltering in the mountain fern;
And many a bird of painted wing,
In those green pastures summering,
And many a beast of hoof and horn,
Lay dead beneath that glorious morn.

XV.

But yet that chase with all its sound,
The hawk's wild scream and yell of hound,
The charger's neigh along the hill,
That challenged to the clarion shrill;
And chorus wild of beast and bird
Deep in the forest-echos heard,
Small charm, I ween, or power had they
From its own griefs the mind to sway,
Of her who in the monarch's train
Guided her courser's silken rein;
E'en then far other thoughts would rise
In mournful sight to Agnes' eyes;
From friends, from country far away,
In strangers' hands a helpless prey,—

And that dear maid whose love seemed given
This earth to gild with hues of heaven;
She saw her sister day by day
Melt like the maiden snow away,
Nor charm had she, nor power to save,
The helpless victim from the grave.
And he who with a brother's care
Watched still beside the drooping fair,
And still her wasted eye would raise
With brighter hopes of fairer days;
Now sad, and silent, Ferdinand
Would clasp the mournful maiden's hand,
Her fate in speechless sorrow feel,
And weep the woes he could not heal.

XVI.

Hot smote the sun o'er field and flower;
The dogs were panting in the pool;
The hunters sought their leafy bower,
To slumber in its covert cool;
And underneath the fair wood-lee,
Lay by green turf and sheltering tree.
Nor quarry now, nor arrow-head,
From the bow's mooned horns has sped;
Nor jarring chord has twang'd behind;
Nor boar-spear lighten'd in the wind.
For not a feathery cloud is seen,
No shadow gliding o'er the green,

No fresh breeze in the vale;
Each hunted beast has gained the shade,
Or in the meadow-foison laid,
Is listening for the gale.
No winglet now of lightsome bird
Within the rustling leaves is heard;
Nor squirrel leaping on his tree,
Nor murmur of the yellow bee;
And yet one loud and bellowing sound
Is heard to shake the forest round;
Of the swinckt buffalo, who feeds
Amid the river's crackling reeds;
Or crops his herbage deep and dank
Beside the cavern's oozy tank;
Or flings his giant bulk alone
Behind the mountain's shadowy cone.

XVII.

So some beneath the cedar shade,
Or stretched within the chesnut bower;
Or by the palm's long shadows laid,
Were passing blithe the noontide hour.
And some to please their lord would tell
Songs of the land he loved so well;
Or chose at times a sadder lay,
And sang of those who, far away,
Saw their huge host a countless mass
Slow through the iron portals pass:
And watched their flaming banners gleam,
Till sank far off the westering beam:
And linger'd o'er the hills, to hear
The calling of the distant rear;

And shouted, when the drum's loud roar
Pealed along Oxus lonely shore.

XVIII.

And some would sing, how past compare
Are they who dwell in Georgia's bowers;
But sooth the fairest of the fair
Are those sweet maids of Teflis towers.
And blest with whom they deign to stray
At close of evening's dewy ray;
And blest the youth, who woos the maid
Within the jasmine's latticed shade;
Or listens to the lute, whose sound
Swells o'er the scented orange ground;
And sees their silken lashes gleam,
Mild as the moon's reflected beam;

And dark their raven tresses flow
Along the bosom's heaving snow.

XIX.

It ceased!—the gentle roundelay
Along the arched arbour died;
For see, across yon forest way
Their dark steeds splash'd with blood and clay,
What shouting horsemen ride!
Upsprung the hunters from the ground,
For nearer rolled the thundering sound,
And brighter flashed their armour's gleam;
And thick the courser's panting breath
In louder sobbings came.
"Who, and for what (dark Timur cried),
Who swift your reeling chargers ride,
Come ye for life or death?"—

"—For life! for death!"—the warriors cried,
"So swift our reeling steeds we ride;
No time for stop nor stay.
Arm, arm in haste; he dies who waits;—
—Delhi hath open thrown her gates,
And Mahmood leads the way.
Oh! haste!—e'en now the war is met,
Now flows the tide of blood and sweat;
And struck is many a noble blow,
And fallen is many a gallant foe;
And many a warrior lies in clay,
To rue this battle's mortal fray.

XX.

"Ere left our steeds the deathly plain,
Fast flew the javelin's iron rain;

Hissed the red rocket through the air,
While streamed behind its fiery hair,
And on its meteor journey driven,
Arched with wild flight the cope of heaven;
Shrill rang the bells; and dull and deep
The war-drum broke the soldier's sleep.
So thick they came from near and far,
Rolling the heavy tide of war;
Scarce staid our men the weapon's shock,
But, steady as the ocean rock,
Foremost the Christian warrior flew,
And back the bolt of battle threw;
And where the reeling foemen hung
The tide of slaughter there he flung;
And left their mouldering bones to sleep
In the cleft crag and mountain steep."

XXI.

It was a glorious sight, I ween,
From yonder mountain summit seen
Beneath the blaze of day;
In haste though bound, on stretch of speed,
Each horseman stayed his pawing steed,
A moment checked the bridle-rein;
For spreading o'er the distant plain
They saw the dark array.
With bow and buckler on they came,
And shield of proof, and sword of flame;
And leading forth that noble van,
Rode many a gallant banner-man;
And wings of horse on either hand
Were prancing o'er the yellow sand;

Like a dark wood they moved along,
Their spears were keen, their armour strong;
Behind, like bastions on the shore,
Huge beasts the moving battle bore;
And as the glitt'ring turrets past,
Howled loud and deep the arrow-blast;
As when the thunder clouds are driven
To launch the lightning shafts of heaven.

XXII.

A bitter smile it was that played
(Like sun-gleams through the forest shade)
Along the chieftain's brow;
Curled his dark cheek, and lit his eye;
For rushing to the conflict nigh
He saw his trusty bands; and now

Yon cloud of dust has broke away;
The horse are thundering for their prey;
Each charger's speed he learnt full well,
Each warrior's skill and strength could tell;
Their armour's massive temper knew,
The harden'd helm and sabre true;
Yet 'mid that iron troop, I ween,
Was not a statelier charger seen;
Not one a costlier armour bare,
A nobler warrior was not there;
Than he who first and foremost rode,
And bore the hallowed cross of God;
And hoped the valour of his sword
  The captive maids might free;
And fought amid that Tartar horde,
  For life, for love, and liberty.

XXIII.

Now on the foe with lion glare
  Rushed fierce the Tartar's iron band;
Before them floated in the air
  The sheet of Samarcand.
But foremost far, with plumage green,
Was Ferdinand's bright helmet seen;
Wet with the flaky foam and blood,
  From helm to heel his armour dripped;
And wading through that living flood,
  On floundering hoof his charger slipped.
Splashed his red fetlock o'er the plain,
So thick were strewn the heaps of slain:
The horse and horseman, side by side,
  Lay smeared with blood and clay;
And oh! thrice happy he who died,
  Nor faint, nor wounded lay.

While o'er his bruised and mangled breast
The steed on bounding pastern prest;
Or through his dinted armour beat
The trampling of ten thousand feet.
Some wounded left the battle-plain,
And fled the forest skirts to gain;
Some reeling from the saddle swung,
Or in the cumb'ring stirrup hung;
Or stretched beneath the sword of proof,
Were laid as low as horse's hoof.

XXIV.

'Tis past—the bloodying sword hath done
Its work of death to-day;
And like the tempest overblown,
The war hath rolled away.

Alas! for them who on the field
Stretch'd cold and dead beneath their shield,
Lie side by side, (a countless train)
Alike the slayer and the slain;
And many a riven helm, I guess,
And many a steed lies masterless;
And scatter'd plume, and gory mail,
Unfold of war the dreadful tale.
—Then woe to Delhi's widowed state,
How lies she pale and desolate!
Along her solitary walls
Aloud the frantic matron calls;
And for her harness'd warrior weeps,
Who fast in iron armour sleeps;
And while that one heart-piercing cry
Is heard along the echoing sky,

More shrill and deep the trumpet's breath
Sings mournfully the blast of death;
And every midnight mountain rings
As the loud gong its thunder flings.

XXV.

—The victor's camp.—No shrieks were there,
No scenes of darkness and despair;
No widow's tears who wept alone,
No mother's scream, no father's groan;—
But the loud laugh, the hideous yell,
The shout that woke the midnight dell;
The barbarous dance, the Scythian song,
The wine-fed bowl the night prolong.
Huge umber'd shades, whose armour's rays
Flashed round the watchfire's swarthy blaze,

Stretched in their heavy sleep; again
Fought o'er the dark and deathly plain.
An holier glee was his; whose sword
Led on that day the Tartar horde;
And hope, and joy, and chasten'd fear;
The smile subdued; the sunny tear;—
For sooth he deemed the well-fought fray
His captive ransom then might pay;
And hoped ere gleamed the morn, to lead
Far from the camp his battle steed;
And guard o'er dale, and down, and dell,
His Agnes, and her Isabel.

CANTO II.

I.

Hid like the ringdove's shelter'd nest,
Far in the rocks and flowery dell,
Was seen (the calm abode of rest)
An ancient hermit's cell.
The birds that sang their carols sweet,
The runnels gurgling at its feet;
The green leaf quivering in the gale,
The lowing from the meadowy vale;
The falcon's scream heard loud and late,
The plover whistling to his mate;
The fawn's faint bleat when overhead,
The vulture's cloudy wing was spread;

The wild crane clattering in his flight,
The chacals yelling through the night;
The alligator's distant roar,
Like thunder from the river shore;
Were the sole sounds from age to age,
That reached that lonely hermitage.

II.

There oft the hunted hart would fly,
Nor fear the murderous arrow nigh;
Beside its threshold couched the hare,
And laid its little offspring there.
Safe in the moss the green snake lay,
And coiled beneath the burning ray;
How could they be of him afraid,
Who tenanted the lonely shade,

That aged man!—Tho' spear and shield
His youth had borne in battle-field;
Yet long, long since the batter'd mail
Hung rent and rusting on the nail;
Along the helmet's alter'd hue
The spider wove his silken clue;
And the huge sword but served to stay
His weak steps through the forest way.

III.

Within his cell a woman knelt,
  Across her breast her pale hands clasp'd;
Yet what the wrongs and woes she felt,
  And why for breath and life she gasped;

And how her form that mortal strife,
  So long, so deathly could sustain;
Knew not the man of holy life;
  Enough for him that grief, and pain,
And sickness sent by cruel fate;
  And want and woe demanded aid;
And that so young, so fair a maid
  Should be so young and desolate.
Oh, joy! his cares are not in vain,
She stirs, she breathes, she lives again.
Gone now is doubt and dark despair,
Her pale lips move as if in prayer:
Her meek eye opes,—aside is drawn
For fresher air her veil of lawn;
Oh, joy! that death and danger past,
Here safe poor Agnes rests at last.

IV.

"And camest thou from that Tartar band?"
The ancient hermit said;
"And who stretched forth the friendly hand,
Through that long wilderness of land,
To guide thee to the shade?
Poor innocent! and wert thou left
Alone; of human help bereft,
A turtle with the vultures near?
Yet God who cares alike for all,
Nor sees unmarked a sparrow fall,
'Twas he, who from his throne above
Looked down to save the bleeding dove,
And laid it peaceful here.
Oh! yet again it shall resume,
Though streaked with blood its snowy plume,

Again shall try its silvery wing;
And nursed in solitude and rest,
Once more shall rear its rocky nest,
And mid its fellows sing.

V.

"I, too, beheld their squadrons pour
Down yon tall mountain's side;
For like the torrent's distant roar
Rolled on their battle's pride.
I saw o'er helm, and shield, and spear,
The van its foremost banner rear,
In the bright sun their horse-hoofs glancing,
With dazzling gleam their javelins dancing,
And heard the arrow-sheafs behind,
Like rushes rattling in the wind.

Till fainter still, and more remote,
The lessening war cry seemed to float.
Then as the thunder's far off sound,
It died along the echoing ground.
I mark'd, too, where their camp had been,
One boundless ruin shewed the place;
And drear and desolate the scene,
They left no living trace.
Nor herb was there, nor vernal dew;
Alone the black'ning ashes flew,
The matted fodder left behind
Was whirling in the passing wind.
Its leafy mantle torn away,
Half burnt the ravag'd forest lay,
And here and there beneath the shade
Some charger cold and dead was laid;

One famished dog, as on I past,
Was howling to the desart blast.

VI.

"And wert thou then a stricken deer,
Who from the hunters fled for life,
And scarcely gained this covert here,
To pant free from their murderous strife?
Yet this lone cell and silent glade
Secure shall spread their friendly shade,
And each dark rock and shadowy tree
Shall lift their sheltering arms for thee."
—The hermit's gentle accents fell
Soft as the balmy breath of May,
On her who in his hallowed cell
In fear and terror lay.

So pale her look, so sad her air,
In sooth 'twas sorrow seated there;
  But that her dark eye wand'ring round
    Some deeper grief betrayed;
  Told of some worse and deathly wound
    That on her reason preyed.
Her hand was clasped; and wan her cheek;
Her trembling tongue refus'd to speak;
'Twas but the bosom's speechless sob;
'Twas but the heart's convulsive throb;
One gushing tear, one rising sigh,
That told the maiden's mute reply.

VII.

  The hermit took her trembling hand,
    And from the cell her footsteps led;
  For now the gales of evening fann'd
    The wild flowers in their mossy bed.

He deemed the soft and freshening wind
Would sooth to peace the maiden's mind;
Her parch'd and fever'd eyelids steep
Amid the balmy dews of sleep;
And calm and cool again would fling
O'er her pale cheek the rose of spring.
And sooth they did—the beauteous scene
Now darker spread its robe of green
  Beneath the shadowy ray;
And yet a soft and silvery bloom
Just linger'd through the gathering gloom,
  As died the evening lights away.

VIII.

And fair the moon arose and mild,
Along that landscape stretching wild,

The stars were lighting up their towers;
And rising from his couch of dew,
From every leaf the Zephyr blew
The verdure of the bowers.
Sweet breathed each floweret of the field,
That rear'd to Heaven its painted shield,
Or round the thrush's nest had hung,
And thrown its blossoms o'er the young;
Or drooped to see its image gleam
With watery light beneath the stream;
The violet on its moss-couch seen,
Ere yet the leaves of spring are green;
The hyacinth like the virgin's hair,
The pink with spicy tresses fair,
And the white lily's silver bloom,
And musk-rose with its rath perfume;

The veriest wretch to whom belong
Remembrances of human wrong,
And he upon whose fated head
The bitter cup of wrath is shed;
And who laments from earliest birth
The lot that laid his life on earth;
Amid these scenes would half forget
The scorn and wrong his heart had met,
And hope in those far shades to find
The long-lost sunshine of the mind.

IX.

"And seek'st thou then," poor Agnes cried,
"To hear my tale of woe?
Oh! if in sorrow early tried,
Then bid the tear that time has dried
Afresh begin to flow.

Yet mourn not me, for I have lost
In other griefs my own;
And in this wide world friendless tost
Have learnt to weep alone.
Nor fear, oh! ancient friend, to break
That cell again which memory kept;
Thou canst not from their slumbers wake
The griefs that never slept.
Oh! never, never can it be,
That help or hope should come to me.
Thou canst not sooth the pangs of pain,
The mind's lost treasure bring again;
To life recal the fleeting breath,
That fled from greater ills to death;
Or wish that injur'd form to save,
Whose only shelter is the grave.

X.

"But how shall I thy story tell,
My poor, lamented Isabel!
For thou long since hast slept."—
—And Agnes hid her face and wept,
And sobbed with loud and painful breath,
For pale and ghastly in her death
She saw her injur'd sister lie,
She heard her last convulsive cry;
And she that was a beauteous flower,
By ruffian hands was soiled and torn;
Yet, Agnes, do not weep the hour
Poor Isabel was born!
For she hath found a place of rest,
And lies in Mary's holy breast;

And slumbers as a child secure
Upon that bosom chaste and pure.

XI.

"Alas! a land to us gave birth,
A distant land to you unknown;
But more, far more than all the earth
I prize that land we called our own.
And dear to me each hill and plain,
That decks with flowers my native Spain,
But more than hill, or down, or dale,
I love Antillon's lonely vale.
Unknown to you—but had you heard
The songs so sweet of forest bird;
The shepherd's pipe from mountain hoar,
The boatman's carol on the shore;

The vesper hymn that soft and slow
From angel voices seem'd to flow;
The convent bell heard far and wide,
The watchfold's bleat at eventide.
Unknown to you—but had you seen,
Our wood-cots peeping through the green,
Our vine-fields in their autumn glow,
Our yellow cornsheafs spread below;
The blossoms sprouting from the tree,
The wild deer in the forest free,
The vallies green when sun and showers
Had filled their bosoms full of flowers,
The goat-herd's shed high hung in air,
That lit its star on mountain bare,
The hamlet lone, the ferny dell;—
You would have lov'd our land most well,

And blessed us as you went, and said
His fate was happy there to tread,
And blest, who, all his wand'rings past,
In that fair land might sleep at last.

XII.

"It was a father's cruel curse
That on my suffering sister fell;
He drove her from our home; and worse
Followed—and worse on Isabel.
Her maiden faith she would not plight
To him who asked a tyrant's right,
But firm her spotless vow to hold,
Nor quit the heart's true love for gold.
And meek she bowed her head to hear
The malison bestowed;
Nor breathed a sigh, nor shed a tear,
But bent beneath her load.

I deemed her sorrows all forgot,
Resigned and meek she met her lot;
But when once more she rear'd her head,
Oh! had I been among the dead;
Or ever that I lived to find
The ruins of that noble mind.
The wildness flashing from her eye,
The scorn that marked her proud reply,
The forehead flushed with heat and pain,
The fever of the burning brain;
The bitter laugh that served to show
How deep was dregged the cup of woe.

XIII.

"With her I fled.—How could I part
From one who twenty summers long
Had been the life-blood of my heart,
My hope, my joy, my song!

I fled with her, how could I less
In that extremest wretchedness!
She was a flower of light, and I
Lived in the brightness of her name;
Alas! so soon that misery
Should cloud her spotless fame.
For, oh! that father's curse, it prest
Like some gaunt fiend upon her breast,
A weight of woe by night, by day,
And drained the blood of life away.
But I was blest that I could share
The bitterness of her despair;
Her throbbing temples lull to rest,
Lean her pale cheek upon my breast;
Wipe her damp brow; the healing dews
From each wild herb and flower infuse,

And blest to breathe her latest sigh,
And close in peace her dying eye.

XIV.

"An endless tale it were to tell
How long we roamed o'er land and sea;
Since first we bade a sad farewell,
And looked back on our own countriè:
And saw our native mountains fade
More dim through evening's dewy shade;
The thymy cleft, the summer mead,
Saw from the gazing eye recede,
And one by one in shadows deep
The slope and almond-silver'd steep,
And glimmering through the distant scene
The haven-town and islet green;

And saw the wavering cressetes glare,
Like meteors hung aloft in air,
Till lost amid the shadowy haze,
Sunk the huge Pharos' kindling blaze.

XV.

"And I would pass the cruel fate
That wrecked us on the Turkish strand;
Or how we bowed beneath the weight
Of bondage in that barbarous land.
Yet still beneath my Moorish vest
I clasped the crosslet to my breast;
And ever when I went to dip
The chalice in the stream,
Unseen I prest it to my lip;
And soft and mild it seemed to gleam
Beneath the evening's dewy beam.

And oft at nightly close of flowers,
Within the wild wood's scented bowers,
Unheard my holy songs I made
To him who sought Death's gloomy shade,
And died upon the cross to save
Man from an everlasting grave;
And white and pure the lily flower
That bare him in her lowly bower:
Blessed Mary! meek and mild,
Mother of the blessed child;
How oft I loved in holy glee
To sing my vesper hymns to thee,
Who bare the child that died for me!

XVI.

"So rolled two lingering months away;
But then we served another lord;
And fell a weak and helpless prey
Beneath the Tartar's sword.
Yet light our task; 'till evening hour,
To tend the citron's scented bower;
The pale pink's musky tresses bind,
To shield the rosier from the wind;
And twine the jasmine's arch'd arcade,
And nurse the green pomegranate shade;
Ere many a moon had waned, it chanced
On us the royal eye had glanced:
And we found grace before his sight,
Who mourned our sad and captive plight;

Our slavish vests he cast aside,
Arrayed us in the robes of pride;
And bade the Christian maids assume
The silken veil, and emerald plume;
And bade the Christian warrior rear
'Mid that fierce band his conquering spear.

XVII.

"Fool that I was—that tearless eye
Had never wept another's woe;
That heart had never learned to sigh,
When youth and beauty met the blow.
Within our tent at midnight deep
I watched my sister's broken sleep;
And fanned her hot and panting breast,
And lulled her wakeful eye to rest:

When in the night-gale thundering loud
  The clank of iron footsteps swelled;
And round our couch an armed crowd
  Their torches blazing light upheld.
The wind their rustling plumage shook,
And fierce and savage was their look;
And in that red and sanguine glare
Shone their dark brows and streaming hair;
And leaning on their spears, they gazed
On her, who breathless and amazed,
Sprang frantic from her couch, and turned
  Her wild eye to that ghastly sight;
On helms that in their radiance burned,
  And spears and torches flaming bright;
And listen'd to the hollow sound
Of armour clatt'ring on the ground.

XVIII.

"Alike they stood in mute amaze;
Each fixed on each their fearful gaze,
The warriors and the maid;
No sound, no stir the silence brake,
Not one his dreadful errand spake;
While speechless on the ground I gasped,
Yet still their iron gauntlets clasped
And kneeled, and wept, and prayed;
And round their steely hauberks clung,
Or o'er my gasping sister hung;
For in their ghastly smiles too well
Their dreadful purpose I could tell;
'And come with us!' (their features bent
On Isabel) the warriors cried,
'E'en now within the royal tent
The impatient monarch waits his bride:

And round the couch on either hand
Are ranged for thee a maiden band;
And they shall strew the path with flowers,
That lights thee to the nuptial bowers;
Then come with us, for blest is she
Who shares that noble bridaltee.'

XIX.

"As starts the fawn when on her ear
The murderous death-cry rises near,
A moment wildly stares around,
Then springs with one convulsive bound;
As gazes he, and gasps for breath,
Who hears the dreadful knell of death;
And knows when sets the westering ray,
For him shall rise no second day;

And suns may smile, and skies may glow,
Yet dark and drear is all below.—
A moment so stood Isabel,
  When that dread message smote her ear;
Her swimming eye, and bosom's swell,
And tottering frame, proclaimed too well
  Despair had master'd fear.
Yet ere another moment flew,
Gone was that pale and ashen hue;
And firm and strong, with hand upraised,
Upon those frowning forms she gazed.
'Yes, I will come,' the maiden cried,
'And be your monarch's blushing bride;
The trumpet's blast, the clash of spears,
Oh! they shall hush a virgin's fears;
And flaming through the live-long night
Your torches blaze our tent shall light;

The chargers shaggy housings spread
To deck our soft and stately bed;
The war-horn's braying loud and deep
Shall rock us to our pleasant sleep;
And bloody swords on either side
Shall guard the bridegroom and the bride.'

XX.

"She seized the spear-staff in her hand,
She placed the morion on her brow;
And stood before that armed band,
That quaked with fear, as she did stand
And wave her plumes of snow.
They deemed it was no mortal maid
Who in those dreadful arms arrayed,

Had quailed the hearts of all:
So pale, so deathly was her cheek,
Not one his lips could move to speak;
Not one could turn his eyes away,
Nor bend his armed knee to pray,
Nor on the prophet call;
But, oh! their stubborn hearts did fail,
And throb against the iron mail
In agony and fear:
For lo! death's angel in their view;
So large his eye, so pale his hue,
So dark his length of hair.

XXI.

"Along the dust they frantic fell;
They deemed the angel Azräel

Had met them on their way;
Soldier and chief, I saw them fall,
I heard the shriek, the coward call
That did for mercy pray.
She threw her eye across the crowd,
She cried in thundering voice aloud,
For him, the mighty king;
She bade them cast him at her feet,
And on the ground in triumph meet
The chained monarch fling.
They found him stretched within his tent,
With folded arm, and body bent;
With trembling lip that feared to pray,
With look that told the heart's dismay;
With wild eye raised aloft to Heaven,
As he despaired to be forgiven.

XXII.

"And he upon whose brow the rays
Of thirty crowns were seen to blaze,
Whose standard staff in victor pride,
With blood twice twenty wars had dyed;
Who in the battle single left,
Of all his flying bands bereft,
Firm as a rock, and rooted there,
Waved high his bloody sword in air;
Till heap on heap, a living mound,
His foemen gasped upon the ground;
Who by the cold and wintery moon
Swam armed across the dark Sihoòn;
And led his Tartar tribes away
Far on those icey shores to prey;

Till Mosco's western turrets shook:
E'en he beneath a maiden's look,
That lion-lord so fierce and wild,
Lay trembling like a weaned child.

CANTO III.

I.

—" The morning came—and all was past.—
The soul had sought its kindred sky;
And left its sojourn here at last
In purer, happier realms to fly.
Far in the solitary dell
Was dug the mansion of the dead;
And when the clouds of evening fell,
Slow to the clarion's mournful swell,
The chief our sad procession led.
And one by one with shield and spear,
The warriors trod beside the bier;
And many a soldier's tears were shed
In grief and pity for the dead;

Their steel arms lift to Heaven they sung
The dirge that wept the fair and young.
Her bridal bed, a green grass grave;
Her spousal hymn, a funeral stave.

II.

"With iron sword they dug away
The dark and narrow ground;
Then heaped the hollow shield with clay,
To rear the lofty mound.
A palm its weeping foliage hung,
Like a green curtain o'er the tomb;
And wide its feathery branches flung
Amidst the gathering gloom.
I turned one parting look to cast;
To breathe one sigh the first—the last.—

To bid a long, a sad farewell;
Once more to murmur—'Isabel.'—
I kneeled beside her tomb and wept,
Upon its brow the sunbeam slept,
The palm leaves whisp'ring to the gale,
Stretched their long shadows down the vale;
And soft I thought her rest must be,
Who slept beneath that lovely tree.
A throstle, on the cedar spray,
Sang to the evening's dewy ray,
And sweet its deepening music fell,
And floated down the twilight dell:
In truth I could not choose but stay,
And listen to the roundelay.
Dear was the evening beam that slept
Upon the grave where I had wept,

And dear that lonely bird to me
That sang upon the cedar tree.

III.

"A heathen tomb on heathen ground,
Marked where the Christian maiden lay;
But from my bosom I unbound
The cross; and deep beneath the mound
I press'd it through the clay.
'Twas all I could, for darker now
Each warrior bent his iron brow,
Unsheathed again his battle-blade,
His ported ensign wide displayed;
With helm and habergeon they trod,
O'er the red marle and oozy sod.
The waggon's griding wheels behind
Rolled harsh and heavy in the wind,

And over all the war-pipe's breath
Blew for the coming scene of death.

IV.

"In that dread host, one helm alone
The Christian banner wore;
One armed knee that bent not down;
One only tongue that would not own
The name the prophet bore.
Save his, on every warrior's mail
The crescent beamed with lustre pale:
Yet well beloved was Ferdinand,
Amid that fierce and Tartar band;
For when the hour of death was nigh,
Sharp was his spear, and keen his eye;
And firm his foot, his arm was brave,
And strong his sword to kill or save.

V.

"His youth in far Sobrarva's vales
Was nursed beneath a mother's care;
And strange in sooth and wild the tales,
That reached Antillon's lonely dales
Of one so young and fair.
And well I can recall the day,
When busied in our infant play,
My sister Isabel and I
Were gathering up each meadow flower,
To screen our little summer bower
From sun, and wind, and sky:
He stood before us in the light
Of youth, and beautiful and bright

His beamy features glowed;
While nursed with all a maiden's care,
Adown his breast his floating hair
In raven ringlets flowed.

VI.

"His tasselled bugle slung behind,
His green robe fluttering in the wind,
The emerald broche that bound his vest,
The ostrich plume his waving crest;
The hunters' beechen spear that stayed
His fleet steps in the forest glade;
His beagles panting on the plain;—
—In truth I see them all again,
Clear as when in that evening hour
He stood beside our lowly bower:

And though dark years have rolled between,
And many a sad and changeful scene;
And gone, for ever gone the ray
That opened on life's vernal day;
Yet still that sunny gleam appears
Fair through the darken'd frown of years;
As from a bright and angel form
Flows light to gild the tempest-storm.

VII.

"No youth like Ferdinand could rein,
O'er the loose sands, his flying steed;
Whirl the swift javelin o'er the plain,
Or dart the tufted reed.
And when along the battle field
Aloft he bore his silver shield,

In manly beauty bold;
From his bright lance the streamers flew,
White was his plume, his bonnet blue,
His spur and stirrup gold.
And oft with hawk and hunting-spear
For me he chased the fallow-deer,
Or slew to make my robe of fur
The martern and the mynever.
Scarce his unerring javelin mist,
And true the tercelet at his wrist.
And oft for me his barge would glide
In beauty down the river-tide,
When gleamed the evening star, and shed
Its light on rock and mountain head;
And silver'd the white sail that flew
Along the waters, bright and blue.

VIII.

" Yet dearer was the youth to me,
When under the green laurel tree
He loved to sing, with harp in hand,
The songs that praised our native land;
Old tales they were—long past the time
That woke anew the minstrel's rime;
And I have listen'd to the tale,
Till wild Antillon's lonely dale,
The ilex grove, the olive shade,
Seemed from the musing eye to fade,
And heaving o'er the craggy steep,
Rose the dark towers, and giant keep,
And like the mountain's rocky crown,
I saw the distant fortress frown,

And warrior shades, an armed train,
Winding along the moonlight plain.

IX.

" And many a song of wildest strain,
And tales of hopes and wildest fears,
He sang, that peasants on the plain
Had carolled in his infant years;
Strange songs of wild and fitful mood,
That suited well our solitude.
Of him he sang (for dear in sooth
To memory are the tales of youth,
And bright and beautiful remain
Their treasur'd pictures on the brain,
And for a moment half efface
Of sorrow's form, the mournful trace).

Of him he sang so nobly born,
The master of the mighty horn;
And him whom in the waters wild
The white faies nurs'd a beauteous child;
And of the lake that lady fair
Would rock him in her lily-bower,
Would sleek with pearly comb his hair,
And feed him on the lotus flower;
And him who broken hearted perished,
Yet on the cold ground faint and pale;
Within his dying bosom cherish'd
The blue-eyed maid of Inisfail.

X.

"So fled the gentle hours along,
In converse innocent and gay;
The morning walk, the evening song,
The dance at close of day.

Such life in faëry land is past;
Such may the blessed spirits know;
But never, never could it last
Within this world of woe.
And when with Isabel I fled,
Still Ferdinand our coursers led;
And still he watched us when we slept,
And soothed the bitter woes we wept;
And mourned our hapless grief alone,
Nor breathed one sigh that told his own.

XI.

"When in her lonely bed of clay
Poor Isabel was laid,
None thought of us, and we might stray
Unseen, untracked by night and day,
Through solitude and shade.

And when from out his western tower
The star of eve illumed our bower,
We thought of many a glade, and glen,
Where that sweet light was shining then;
And oft mid birds of wildest tone
That filled the woods with songs unknown,
The cuckoo's well-remember'd lay
Told us of countries far away:
'And wilt thou, Agnes,' said the youth,
'And wilt thou seek that land with me?
And plight to me the faith, the truth,
The love that I will plight to thee?
Oh! blessed maid! yea, thou wilt be
A joy, a lovely mate to me;
And we will fellow pilgrims roam,
And God himself will guide us home;

And many a summer-moon will bless
Our dreams of hope and happiness.
Be mine! be only mine! for thou
Art all I seek, I look for, now;
Be mine alone!'—My faith I gave
To him beside my sister's grave,
And we knelt there, and Heaven above
Bare witness to our pledge of love.

XII.

"I miss'd him at the accustomed hour;—
The taper burnt within my tent;
And long I watch'd beside my bower,
And many an anxious look I bent:
Yet never sounding on my ear
Heard I the warrior's footsteps near;

Or saw his giant shadow gleam,
Stretched long beneath the moonlight beam,
Or flashing through the shades of night,
His armour throw its radiance bright:
I listened; but no friendly sound,
No well-known footstep pressed the ground;
But wild the yell that filled the air,
Of beast and bird, from nest and lair.
The pheasant on his night-perch crew,
On whirring wing the partridge flew:
Hoarse screamed the peacock in the brake;
The wild swan flapped along the lake;
With streaming dewlap o'er the pool
The bison sought its covert cool;
The wild boar in the caney mead
Champed loud and deep the ripen'd reed;

And sounded down the distant slope
The bleating of the antelope.

XIII.

"Day came, and still I saw him not,—
—Another and another day;—
Till hope itself was lost. My lot
I mourned no more, but had forgot
The ills that on me lay.
For life, for death, for weal, for woe,
To me was all alike below:
She whom I loved was dead; and he
Who had my faith, was dead to me.
I deemed that pale and far away,
Gored by some hostile sword he lay,
And stretched beneath the greenwood tree,
Lay bleeding for his love and me:

Nor knew I then by day and night
He marched his squadron's ambush'd fight,
And where the chief his battle led,
Far off by frith and forest sped;
Where Latac lifts his summits hoar,
And flow the waves of Mansaror;
Till far Cailasa's echoes gave
The Tartar shouts o'er Ganges wave;
And Kelasch's icey breezes fanned
The floating flag of Samarcand.

XIV.

"Amid that multitude alone,
In that huge camp of all bereft,
I lingered on, nor one would own
Her whom they deemed her God had left.

No hand or knee was bent to prayer,
Man's weakness and his woes to mourn;
No chapel, shrine, or saint was there,
A sabbathless sojourn.
But worse, far worse, than solitude
Was that fierce band untamed and rude;
And curses dark, and whisperings loud,
That reached me from the armed crowd;
And sullen threats that wished me dead,
And eyes that followed as I fled:
And hands that on the dagger laid,
Seemed waiting but night's gloomy shade.
With carnage reeks the lion's den;
So reeked this dark abode of men:
Like the gaunt beast at close of day,
They rose to hunt their trembling prey,

And flung their wearied limbs to rest
Along the leafy couch unblest.
No home, no household hearth had I,
No shade, no shelter but the sky;
Beside his child no father wept,
Upon no mother's arm I slept;
No sisters watched my broken rest,
My pale cheek pillowing on their breast;
No brother's hand from scorn and shame
Was raised to save my injur'd name;
And not a prayer to Heaven was said,
To pour its mercy on my head.

XV.

"But then that dreaded night it came,
That slaked in blood its torch of flame;

E'en in my lonely tent I heard
The strange unwonted sounds that stirred;
Rung the shrill anvil on my ear;
Anew was tried the sharpen'd spear;
With curb, and iron harness bound,
The steeds stood pawing on the ground;
And grasping each his charger's mane,
Full armed the horsemen prest the plain,
And stood as if in act to spring,
And waiting but the bugle's ring;
Struck were the tents, and left and right
Rode out the couriers through the night:
I sat and listen'd, as aloof
Died on my ear the thundering hoof,
Or caught the watch-word as it went,
In louder cry from tent to tent.

XVI.

"But oh! that shout, that murderous call,
That rose on Delhi's captive wall,
What tongue could e'er have told;
When swarming over trench and tower,
Dark flew the javelin's iron shower,
And Scythian standard rolled.
And in the silence of the noon,
Yelled the loud cry, 'Surûn, Surûn!'
And that huge trumpet Kerennay,
Roared heavy at the close of day.
'Twas when that trumpet's hideous blair,
Seemed as it rent the shaken air,
And drowned the victor's panting breath,
And hushed the shriller screams of death;

Some armed angel by the hand
Led me through each conflicting band;
For fast and thick the wildfire ran
O'er beacon and o'er barbican;
And as the flaming deluge glared,
Grimly each shadowy warrior stared,
And black as clouds the banners flew
In that red air of blazing hue.

XVII.

"Then pale and sick I hurried by,
And urged my snorting steed to fly;
O'er heaps of dying and of dead,
The affrighted courser fled amain;
Borne by the tempest o'er our head,
The fire-flakes crackled on the plain:

And many a wounded wretch I passed,
Whose mangled limbs were scorcht and torn,
And many a mother hurrying fast
To save the babe was newly born.
I saw the mother and the child
Sink down amid that pathless wild,
Till faint and weak, and far behind,
Their voices died along the wind.
Yet ere my courser passed away
I heard the tiger churn his prey;
And in the stoney moat that bound
With darken'd wave the turrets round,
Loud roared the crocodile for blood,
And shook in rage the seething flood,
And gnashed his jaws, when o'er the stream
Rose the poor victim's dying scream:

And slowly as he sailed to sleep
Within the forest's shelter deep,
From the gorged vulture's talons fell
The blood drops down the grassy dell.

XVIII.

"Bethink thee what it was to me
Such scenes of pain and death to see;
I shook at every footstep near,
Left by that lawless camp alone;
I saw the midnight murderer,
I caught the hard and stifled groan.
Heedless I stood, benumbed with fear
I heard his lifted footsteps near,
I saw his hand the tent ropes draw,
The dagger gleaming in his vest:
No more I know, no more I saw,
Nor how that noble steed I prest;

Till cold and dank the night wind blew,
My cheek was wet with rain and dew,
  I woke like one from death:
Soldier nor Sentinel was there,
Nor challenge in the midnight air,
  Nor trumpet's warning breath:
But all that night, till morning light,
  Through glade and glen I urged my way;
For still the wind would bring behind
  The dreadful blast of Kerennay.

XIX.

"Gloomy the morn arose and dark,
  Ere I had gained this forest bound;
Nought but the chacal's plaintive bark,
  Or vulture's scream was heard around.

And fast before the wind the rain
Drove like a torrent down the plain:
Weary and faint my courser fell;
But then I gained this shelter'd dell,
And safe beneath the arched roof,
That spread its branches tempest proof,
  Stood listening to the blast.
For now the storm had rolled away,
Between the clouds the bright'ning day
  Bespoke the danger past.
I saw along the watery grass
With glittering light the sun gleams pass,
And on the amber clouds aloof
The rainbow hang its braided woof;
It seemed a thousand spirits flew
Along its arch of emerald hue.

XX.

" From leaf to leaf the raindrops slipped,
With slow and slower sound;
I stood and watched them as they dripped
And plashed upon the ground.
'Twas not those drops that on the leaf
Were glittering bright and fair,
It was the fixedness of grief
That held me gazing there.
'Twas then that weary, faint, and pale,
You found me stretch'd upon the ground;
Mine is a sad and woeful tale;
I look, and all around
Is strange, and dark, and drear to me;
And gladly I would be with thee,

In thy green bed in peace to dwell,
My poor, lamented Isabel!"

XXI.

She stopt.—A gushing flood of tears
Came kindly to her aid;
The sad remembrance of her fears
Had wrought upon the maid;
Till all that scene of death and pain
Was pictur'd in her burning brain;
And for the ancient hermit's cell,
Its mossy couch, and wicker lamp;
She heard the Scythian murderer's yell,
And saw dark Timur's iron camp;
And heard the midnight trumpets bray,
And shrill and deep the chargers neigh;

And saw amid the blazing air
From tent to tent the torches glare;
And floating o'er the bloody band
The standard sheet of Samarcand.

CANTO IV.

I.

So strolled along the woodland glade
The hermit, and that gentle maid;
And now her mind, composed and calm,
Inhaled the evening's dewy balm;
Along the starry firmament
Her mild and pensive eye was bent;
And though her cheek was pale and white,
Like waters in the cold moonlight;
And though the tear-drop glitter'd there,
Yet still she wore a gentler air;
Resigned and meek, like those who dwell
Within their convent's quiet cell,

With whom the thoughts of humankind
Just stir, but not disturb the mind;
And life's strong lights and shadows seem
Soft as the visions of a dream,
Or scenes of fairy bliss that pass
Along the wizard's magic glass.

II.

And yet that maiden's mind I deem
Admitted but one only theme,
And friends and country far away
Remember'd now no more;
Nor him who sought her night and day
On many a distant shore.
Yet wonder not, of Isabel
That faithful maiden thought alone,
For who a sister's loss can tell
But who a sister's love has known?

The gentlest ties that nature wreathes
With kind affections round the mind;
The gentlest love that nature breathes
Its blessing to mankind.
Yet scorn not I the lover's fires,
The hallowed flame his torch inspires,
The rays that light up beauty's eyes,
The soft infection of her sighs;
The thousand nameless charms unseen
That float around their beauteous queen,
And guard with fond, unerring haste
The golden cestus of the waist;
Sweet are they all, and dear to me,
When the glad heart is firm and free:
But love in misery's bitter stream
Never his lip of laughter steeps;

Nor lights his torch by that pale beam
  That gilds the urn where sorrow weeps.

III.

But you have seen when, day by day,
The snow of winter fades away;
And lessening still when on its breast
The vernal gales their pinions rest;
And you have marked in evening sky
When the light shadows float on high;
And mild and pale the summer moon
Hangs like the feathery cloud of noon:
How each small spot of snowy hue
Melts in the dark expanse of blue.
And you have seen the primrose flower
  Torn from its cool and pleasant shade;

Droop in the mid-day's sultry hour,
  And hang its pallid leaves and fade.
And you have said, So fades away
The maid to hopeless love a prey;
And like the snow, the cloud, the flower,
Glides fast, though sad, life's passing hour;
And so was she, and such her fate
Who sate within the stranger's gate;
The bloom of youth was riveled quite,
The sun of hope had sunk in night,
And through her breast had passed the blow
That love and life at once laid low.

IV.

Long since each hope was gone, again
That she might tread her native plain;

Might kneel beside a mother's bed,
And crave a blessing on her head;
Might feel a father's fond caress,
And nurse his age in happiness;
Remained one hope to sooth the mind,
That Ferdinand her cell would find,
Awhile the flame of life it fed,
And that one hope was almost dead.
Yet still when night and darkness came,
Far off the watch-fire flung its flame,
And from the smouldering pile of oak
Rose through the day the pillar'd smoke.
"It might (would say the weeping maid)
Lure some poor wanderer to the shade;
War-wearied, broken, glad to fling
His weak limbs by the fountain spring:

And then, perchance, it might—" But here
Stayed her faint words the gushing tear;
And ever did she seem to dread
To hear the very hopes she fed.

V.

Rolled still their flame by night and day,
No wanderer blessed its friendly ray;
No wearied footstep sounded near,
No midnight shout alarmed the ear;
The mournful pair by day and night
Sate lonely at their watch-fire's light;
Nor sound they heard but of the blast,
That blew its howling horn and past;
Or pelican's wild shriek, who beat
His pennons thro' the midnight sleet;

Nor form they saw; but where their hue
Of light the swarthy torches threw;
Dark lay the shapes along the ground
Of the gaunt beasts that prowl'd around;
And bursting through the moonless shade,
Like stars the falling meteors played.

VI.

Wild was the spot as thought could frame,
The hill where rose their beacon-flame;
From rock to rock the torrents flung
Their sheets of foam, that downward swung
As they would wake from slumber deep
The echoes on the mountain steep.
Nor tilth, nor fallow there were seen,
But wilderness and wild woodgreen;

The palm in one thick mass had spread
Below its venerable head,
And gleaming through its ancient bower
Shone the tall mosque and ivied tower:
On whose high top, full gorged with prey,
Slept the dark vulture thro' the day.
Silent and calm the glassy lake
Spread its broad mirror in the brake;
And you might see beneath its stream
The rock with deepening shadow gleam,
As some huge beast was couching there
At watch within his watery lair;
And farther on from side to side
Stretched the long desart wild and wide;
Till towering in the hazy air
Rolled the volcano's fiery glare,

And o'er the farthest mountains broke
In storm, and thunder cloud, and smoke.

VII.

Yet one hope more.—With staff in hand,
As palmer from the Holy Land,
When morn its slanting beams had spread,
Like silver on the mountain head,
His path the ancient hermit took,
Where with long curve the forest-brook,
Thro' winding glen and flowery nook,
  Flowed down to Jemna's strand;
And he (good angels be his guide)
May bring to his forsaken bride
  Her own beloved Ferdinand!

Twice now o'er hill, and bank, and stream,
The fresh sun smote with yellow gleam;
And twice its westering wheels had driven
Like flakes of flame along the heaven;
Through the dark woods had twinkled far
All night the little Cresset-star
  That lit the hermit's cell;
Her guiding lamp still Agnes fed,
And wakeful sate to catch the tread
  Of footsteps down the dell.

VIII.

Oh, no! 'tis not the leaves that sweep
  In drifts along the glade,
'Tis not the boughs that on the steep
  The forest-winds have swayed;

Nor is it now the forest-blast
That howls and dies away;
For hark! again—it comes at last;
'Tis he!—his long, long journey past,
His solitary way.
'Tis he!—And does she fly to meet,
And kiss the aged wanderer's feet,
And press the sainted sod?
Ah, no!—she faints, she reels, and when
Her weak eye oped to life agen,
His cell alone the hermit trod.
She asked not;—but her steady eye
Seemed waiting the old man's reply;
She gaz'd on him, nor could he brook
To see that wild and withering look.
She spake not;—and he feared to tell
The tale his silence told too well.

IX.

" Nay, I can bear it," said the maid,
" Can bear thy mournful tale to hear;
And why art thou to tell afraid,
When I shall listen without fear?
Thou found'st him not.—Nay, was it so?
Then I will search the battle-plain:
Or did'st thou find him lying low,
My warrior in his beauty slain,
All gashed and gored?"—" I found him not;
Nor lies he on the battle-field,
But on that foul accursed spot
Lies many a youth beside his shield.
And wild and loud the tempest there
Is moaning through their lifted hair,

Nor sod, nor stone, from wind or wave,
Defends the warrior's lonely grave.

X.

"Yon streamlet's shelving banks I paced,
That through green wood, and wild, and waste,
  Draws on its serpent train;
Then straight as falcon's flight I made
My onward path through sun and shade
  The river bounds to gain.
Far on the lingering waters sped
Unseen beneath their woody bed;
From bank to bank the cedars hung,
(Athwart the stream their dark hair flung);
And many a golden orange-grove
Gleamed beauteous in the watery cove,

Beneath whose safe and sheltering bower
Blossomed the little desart flower;
Till wider still the blue wave rolled,
And brighter stretched the sands of gold,
And o'er reed-bank and oozy shore
Screamed the wild Tern and Albicore.

By rock and rampart sped I on,
And heard far off the watchman call,
Nor stayed till Delhi's gates I won,
And crossed unseen the moated wall.
The warder's shout to me was nought,
And nought the trumpet's warring blast,
For only Ferdinand I sought,
And fearless through the war-camp past.

XI.

" I asked of all.—' 'Tis he, I seek,
The warrior with the golden cross;
Lives he so manly, yet so meek,
And know ye of his life or loss?
'Tis he so beautiful and bold,
He sate within your monarch's hall;
And he was loved of young and old,
And know ye of his fate or fall?'
In vain—not one his fate could tell,
They bade me seek him midst the dead
He lies perchance in yonder dell,
For there the raven long has fed.
A mournful sight.—For all around
The blood of warriors dyed the ground;

And I through day and night did tread
My slippery pathway through the dead;
And though full many a day had passed
Since the glazed eyeball gazed its last;
And though full many a night had rolled,
And bleached them in the moonbeam cold;
Yet as along the deathly plain
I bent upon the heaps of slain,
In each low wind I seemed to hear
Strange dying sounds that smote my ear,
I shook, as still I seemed to grasp
The dying man's convulsive clasp;
Yet never found I there the grave
Of him, the beautiful and brave."

XII.

Where one small spot of greensward lay,
Close sheltered by the brake;
There shone a little inland bay,
That well had tempted faun or fay
Their pastime there to take;
And sing their jocund roundelay
Beneath the cypress of the lake.
For there the mountain wild bee flew,
And dipt his filmy wing in dew;
The blue liana floated there,
Its broider'd banners hung in air.
Along the quivering waters played
The dark Varinga's pensile shade,
And broad and cool the tamarind's head,
Its crown of tassel'd leaflets spread,

While fresh the scent which o'er the wave
In sun and shower the pine-grove gave;
Yet sad was all, and mournful there;
—The tawny leaf that in the air
  Its dying odours flung;
And rent by autumn blasts, and bare,
Lay many a wither'd bough, that fair
  Beneath the spring had hung.

XIII.

No joy had Agnes but to rove
At will within this darksome grove,
From morn to eve to wander free,
Her food the wild fruit from the tree,
Or gaze upon the lake's wide breast
When all its waters were at rest;
Till in the mirror broad and blue
Would fancy paint her scenes anew,

Her own dear hills, her native shade,
The wild wood cot where once she strayed;
The forest grange, the ivied tower,
The hawthorn in her sheltering bower;
And peering o'er the forest tall,
The pinnetts on her castle wall;
And many a home-scene, such as brought
The pensive tear that followed thought.
So gleams to him whose fever'd blood
Boils hot amidst the tropic flood;
The long savannah spreading cool,
The sparry grot, the fresh'ning pool;
And flowery meads and valleys green
Amid the skiey mirhage seen;
And long woods trending far away,
And elmy grove and oaken spray;

And shadowy spectres seen to sail
With giant step from vale to vale.

XIV.

And ever as she gazed, I ween,
The tear adown her pale cheek fell;
And fixed and ghastly was her mien,
Like one who death itself had seen,
And hard, each falling tear between,
Would rise her bosom's swell.
For stronger still within the stream
She saw those watery visions gleam,
Unearthed forms that seemed to glide
Like fiends beneath the passing tide,
Then from her outstretch'd arms they flew,
And mocked her straining eyeball's view.
An old man there she saw, who tore
With frantic hand his tresses hear;

And smote his breast, when through the gate
Childless he passed and desolate;
And one who on the bed of death
Lay pale and gasp'd for life and breath,
Yet on her weak and faltering tongue,
Half heard the name of Agnes hung;
Then o'er the silent threshold last
A slow and sable hearsement past.

XV.

It fled away.—A female band
Moved gaily o'er the yellow strand,
With harp, and pipe, and minstrelsy;
And she was in that troop so fair,
With gem and garland on her hair,
As well a bride might be.

Hand locked in hand, she led the youth
To whom she plighted faith and truth;
And they within the blossomed bower,
In love sped fast the noontide hour.
What more has life than this to give?
When both possessing and possest,
We sleep upon our true love's breast,
It is indeed to live.
But, lo! along the bloody clay
In armour clad a warrior lay,
His helm and hauberk hewn away,
His gashed targe at his side;
She stooped; she kneeled upon the ground
To bathe his wide and gaping wound:
Oh! mercy, Heaven! herself she found
The dying warrior's bride.

XVI.

It fled.—And o'er the troubled stream
The tempest swept along;
Yet, hark! her wild convulsive scream!
For still beneath the lightning's gleam
That ghastly vision hung.
And groans and dying shrieks were there,
And voices mocked her in the air,
And spectred shapes would flit around;
And when along the storm they fled,
Stretched cold and pale as are the dead,
She sank upon the ground.

XVII.

Yet not for ever could it last,
This load of anguish and of pain;
Beneath time's gentle healing past
The fever of the brain.

And now one clear and steady ray
Was beaming on life's closing day,
  Soft as the dewy lights of eve;
When past the storm, and once again
The sun-gleams o'er the yellow plain,
  Their dying lustre leave.
No backward look did Agnes cast,
No sigh, no wish that mourned the past,
  No tear that flowed for pleasures gone;
But mild and meek she kneeled to share
Duly the hermit's evening prayer,
Or in the wild and woodland glade,
Beneath the hallowed cross she paid
  The orisons of morn.
And well that man of holy life
To her would paint our mortal strife,

The toils, and tears, and agonies;
And cares that gnaw the heart, and sin
That taints the secret man within,
And blasts him ere he dies.

XVIII.

"But happy thou to whom is given
So soon the heritage of heaven,
From this bad world so soon to fly:"
And then with clasped hand he prayed
That God would guide the blessed maid
In sickness and in misery.
"And thou shalt meet in that far land
Thine own beloved Ferdinand,

Nor ever part again;
For when thou art no longer near,
How would he bear to linger here,
This world a prison dark and drear,
Of punishment and pain!
He will be there.—Nay, do not weep,—
For life is but a darkened sleep,
We travellers thro' a lonesome dell;
And thou, ere many a day, shall press,
Once more in health and happiness,
Thy poor, forsaken Isabel.
—"And thou"—"No, not," he cried, "for me
Is it such blessed sight to see,
For long my penance here must be

Midst wickedness and woe.
Yet blest to think, that far above
Thou bendest down one look of love
On him who dwells below."

XIX.

"A seraph thou!—and she who died,
Faint and forsaken by thy side,
Her branch of palm shall bear."
—He turned; but stretched upon the clay,
Lifeless and pale the maiden lay,
And one who still her cold cheek prest,
And clasped her fainting to his breast,
In warrior weeds was there.
"Awake! my poor, forsaken one!"
He cried, "our days of grief are done,

And we have met again;
Awake! long lost, and found at last,
My Agnes! for our days are past
Of penance and of pain.
'Tis Ferdinand who calls.—Thine own,
Who lives, who breathes for thee alone,
Loved above all that earth can give;
Awake, my best beloved! my bride!
My heart's first hope! my joy, my pride,
Awake for me, and live!
Oh! turn thee once again to me,
And thou, oh God! a shelter be
To shadow this poor myrtle tree!"

XX.

The voice of love, it cannot save
The dying from their doom;

Nor can the torch of love the grave
With living light illume;
Nor love himself, a spirit brave,
Pass fearless thro' the tomb.
But he has power to stay the breath
One moment from its flight;
Ere yet the uplifted arm of death
Descends to grasp its right.
And once again, on Agnes ear,
Came that known voice so loved and dear,
So loved, and lost so long;
It came with healing and with hope,
Her languid eyelids seemed to ope,
Her heart to beat its pulses strong.
It came in life's departing hour,
—A sunbeam on the blasted flower;

A star upon the shipwreck'd shore;
It came—but oh! to save no more.
And yet that voice to her did seem
As she had heard it in a dream;
That form as shadowy shapes that fly
In visions o'er the musing eye.
For faint she was, and weak, and worn,
By sickness and by sorrow torn;
And she had learned long since to part
With hopes that lean upon the heart,
  So fondly as their stay;
Nor dared she now to think that Heaven
Had so much of its mercy given
  To gild her dying day.

XXI.

"I would have seen you ere I died,
My gentle Ferdinand," she cried;
"And morn and even I did pray,
That hence I might not pass away
  Unseen, unblest by thee.
'Twas heard:—no wish remained behind,
But oh! how merciful and kind
  I own Heaven is to me!
Yet something I would speak: when I
Beneath my grave of turf shall lie,
This aged man, who even now
For me bends down his sorrowing brow,
You will not leave him, Ferdinand,
  To tears and toil a prey;

But you a staff beside him stand,
Child of his age, at his right hand,
  When I am far away.
A father he has been to me;
  To me a mother's love has shown;
What I have been, so thou shalt be,
And his few grey hairs quietly
  Shall to the grave go down."

XXII.

She paused.—" Yet somewhat have I more
To say.—When to your native shore
  You shall return, though late;
By all our love, by all to thee
I am, by all I hoped to be,
Forget not those who now for me
  Are weeping old and desolate,

And thou this sad, sad story tell,
But yet of our poor Isabel
  Some little portion hide;
And say in peace she breathed her last,
And that her painful sufferings past,
  She blessed them ere she died."
And now his hand that hers had clasped
  She gently to her bosom drew;
" This last sad pledge of love"— she gasped
  For breath awhile—" to give to you
Remains—'tis all I can bestow."
And closer now his hand she prest;
—" This one cold kiss!"—and on his breast
  She sank, a wreath of snow.

NOTES.

Page 2.—*Pine's low song-like whisper.*

ἅγκι δὰ ῥ' ἀυτῶν,

Ὑδωρ ἄεναον λισσῆς ὕπο πύθμενα πέτρῃς,

Λέυκον, ἀναβλύζων κελαρύζεται ἐικελον ᾠδῃ.

Orpheus. Lap. vs. 70.

Page 5.—*Canighùl.*

"At the same time Timur built a magnificent palace in the midst of the garden called Bâghi-Dilensha (the garden which rejoices the heart),

just then finished in the plain of Khâni Gheul, without Samarkant, and gave it the name of his new mistress. The ceilings were adorned with flowers in mosaic work, and the walls covered with porcelain of Kashân."—Mod. Un. Hist. 5. 297.

Page 6.—*Lion heart.*

Ἀιθωνος δὲ λέοντος ἑκων ἐν στήθεσι θυμον.

Tyrtæus. ed. Brunck. 1. 53. xi.

Page 7.—*Would smite his staff.*

——ὥστε κθόνα ζάκτροις

Ἐπικρούσαντας Ἀτρείδας

Δάκρυ μη κατασχεῖν.

Æschyl. Agam. v. 210.

Page 18.—*And nostril true.*

Timur after this took the diversion of a grand hunting in the plains of Akhâm, beyond the Arrâs,

in which, besides dogs, were employed leopards with gold chains, swift greyhounds of Greece, and *uncommon beagles;* but what were most remarkable, huge European mastiffs, as strong as African lions, terrible as enraged tigers, and swift as arrows.—See the Modern Universal History, vol. 5, p. 357.

"The emperor continued at Samarkand, where he found good hunting. He greatly loved these honest exercises, the which kept him (as he said) in breath, that he should not find his arms straunge unto him." —Life of Timur by Messire Jean du Bec, abbot of Mortimer, p. 231.

Page 18.—*Soldan's coward pride.*

The conquest of Delhi is thus related by Timur himself in his Institutes, published by Major Davy, p. 139.

"Sooltaun Mahmood and Mulloo Khaun, with fifty thousand men, horsemen and footmen, and one hundred and twenty elephants, made strong the castle of Delhi, and prepared to oppose me. And it came into my mind, that if I should resolve on subduing the castle of Delhi, perhaps the war might be long and tedious. And I counselled with myself, that I would make myself appear weak in their sight, that the enemy might gain courage, and come and fight with me in the plain. And on this account I dug a ditch round my army, and I strengthened myself within that ditch, and I sent a force to meet them; and I commanded my soldiers that they should shew themselves weak and fearful, that they might give courage to the enemy. And when the enemy found themselves powerful they

exulted; and they came into the plain, and they opposed my victorious armies face to face. And sooltaun Mahmood, the ruler of Delhi, came into battle, and was defeated; and he fled towards the mountains, and spoils and wealth above measure, in money and in effects, fell to the lot of my soldiers. And in the space of one year I conquered the chief city of Hind; and at the end of the same year I returned toward the imperial city of Summurkûnd."

Page 21.—*Ounce.*

"When the ounce has missed his prey, to comfort him the huntsmen tell one another aloud that he hath not seen it; and that if he had seen it he would not have missed: believing that he understands the compliment very clearly." Thevenot's Travels, part ii. p. 105.

As the ounce understands a compliment, so, Mr. Barrow informs us, the elephant-hunters believe the elephant to comprehend an insult; when, as they wheel round him they cry out, "I slew your grandfather, and I slew your father, and you are but a fool to them *."

Page 22.—*For the tiger's roused.*

"Wherever tigers roam, or crouch, a number of birds continually collect, or hover about them, screaming and crying as if to create an alarm. But the peacock seems to be particularly allured by him; for the instant that a flock of pea-fowl perceive him,

* Was it not the Lady Mayoress of Vaucluse, who, as she drove the bees away with her handkerchief, cried out, "Quand on les chasse comme ca, ces pauvres bêtes ne sont jamais mechantes. Mais si on leur dise des sottises, oh! alors c'est bien autre chose, alors elles deviennent mechantes comme le diable?"

they advance towards him directly, and begin strutting round him with wings fluttering, quivering feathers, and bristling and expanded tails. It may be thought strange that wild peacocks and tigers should frequently be found in the same haunts; not that there is the slightest connexion or affinity between them, but that the same desolate, wild, woody parts among the mountains seem to suit each. In going out, therefore, to shoot the former it is necessary to go pretty strong, both in numbers and arms, to be guarded against the latter." See Struggles through Life by Lieut. John Harriott, vol. i. p. 161.

Page 22.—*So they with sabre.*

An account of the hunting of the native Indian princes may be seen in Pennant's Outlines of the

Globe, vol. ii. p. 243. They have generally about three hundred greyhounds, two hundred hawks, and trained leopards, five hundred elephants; and the camp does not fall short of twenty thousand men. The manner of sporting by the English in Bengal, communicated by Colonel Ironside, may be found in the Asiatic Annual Register for 1801; a memorandum also respecting the hunting establishment of Tippoo Sultaun at Seringapatam is in Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine, vol. x. p. 173. "Sherefeddin," says Gibbon, in the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, vol. vi. p. 326, (Hist. de Tim. Bec. v. c. 13.) "allows Bajazet a round number of twelve thousand officers and servants of the chase. A part of his spoils was afterwards displayed in a hunting match of Timour. 1st. Hounds

with satin housings. 2dly. Leopards with collars set with jewels. 3dly. Grecian greyhounds. 4thly. Dogs from Europe, as strong as African lions. Bajazet was particularly fond of flying his hawks at cranes." See Chalcondylas, vol. ii. p. 35.

Page 23.—*The crested heron.*

For the various kinds of herons of India, the great heron, the lohaugung heron, and the violet heron, which is esteemed good eating, and the object of falconry, see Pennant's Outlines, vol. ii. p. 157. The argali, or adjutant, or gigantic heron, is five feet high: in Bengal it finishes the work begun by the vulture and jackall. These clear the carcase of animals from the flesh, and the herons remove the nuisances of the bones by swallowing them entire. Ditto, vol. ii. 157.

Page 24.—*The charger's neigh.*

" ——ad lituos hilarem, trepidumque tubarum Prospiciebat equum." Stat. Theb. x. v. 325.

Page 27.—*Swinckt buffalo.*

Besides the buffalo, one of the fiercest animals of the ox kind, is the bos arnee of Mr. Ker, described in his second volume of the Animal Kingdom, p. 747. Mr. Pennant says, " I have seen only the horns, which were in possession of Sir Joseph Banks. They were incurvated in the exact form of a crescent, and stood upright on the animal's head. I forget their length, but think that it was between two or three feet; but I never shall forget that of the whole animal, which was met in a wood of the country above Bengal by a British officer, who informs us that from the tip of the horns to the ground

it must have been fourteen feet. Quale portentum neque militaris, &c. It partook of the form of the horse, bull, and deer, and was very bold and daring.

Page 29.—*Of Georgia's bowers.*

"When Timur invaded Georgia news was brought him of the birth of his grandson, prince Ibrahim Soltân. He encamped on the plain of Menik Gheul, a village in Georgia. On this occasion a splendid banquet was prepared: the tents took up two leagues of ground. Timur's was under a canopy sustained by forty pillars, and as spacious as a palace. When every thing was ready, his majesty came with the crown on his head, and sceptre in his hand, and sat on the throne; and a great number of the most beautiful ladies of Asia sat on each side, with veils of rich brocade, bedecked with

jewels. Nine chaush, as stewards with golden wands in their hands, marched before the dishes, which were served up. They were followed by cup-bearers, having in their hands crystal bottles, and golden cups with red wine of Schirâz, white of Mazânderân, grey-coloured of Kosrwân, and water exceedingly clear. Nor did the conversation of charming women, whose hair hung in tresses to the very ground, add a small lustre to this grand assembly, at which were present many foreign lords, and princes from India and Greece." Mod. Univ. Hist. vol. v. p. 285.

Page 32.—*The red rocket.*

"The word used in the Gentoo code of laws is agnee-aster, or weapons of fire: by this can only be intended war-rockets and fire-arrows: the first are dreadful. They are carried by a particular body of

men called rocket-men, and are flung chiefly among the bodies of the enemy's cavalry. They burst like hand-grenadoes, and make great havock. The rocket consists of a tube of iron about eight inches long, and an inch and an half in diameter, and closed at one end. It is filled with powder, like the common rocket, and fastened to a piece of bamboo four feet long, pointed with iron. Near the open end is a match, which is fired before it is flung. (See the Sketches of the Hindoos by R. Crawford, esq.) These rockets act with great force, for I have heard of one that passed through the body of a bullock, and afterwards killed a man*. Fire-arrows are used either to burn shipping or to set fire to besieged towns:

* Et formidandæ non unâ morte sagittæ.
Stat. Theb. 8. 418.

these were frequently used in Europe from early times. Those in India were discharged from a bamboo. After they had flown a certain way, they divided into several different darts, or streams of fire, each of which took effect, and could not be extinguished. This species is now lost, but was known in the wars between the Saracens and the Grecian empire. Le feu Gregois, or the Greek fire, was the destruction of the Saracenic fleet before Constantinople in 718. It was missile, and discharged several ways, some of which were by darts or javelins." Pennant's Outlines, ii. 364*.

Page 33.—*With bow and buckler.*

In the Institutes of Timur the regulations concerning the arms and the necessaries of the soldiers are given, p. 293. "For the private soldiers I or-

* See also Hamilton's East Indies, vol. ii. p. 56.

dained that on an expedition every eighteen men should take one tent; and that each man should be supplied with two horses, and with a bow, and with a quiver of arrows, and with a sword, and with a saw, and with an axe, and with an awl, and with thread, and with ten needles, and with a leathern knapsack. And for the select warriors, that every five men should have one tent, and that each man should take with him a skull-cap, and a breastplate, and a sword, and a bow, and a quiver of arrows: and that each of the Ounbaushees should have with him one tent, and a coat of mail, and a sword, and a bow, and a quiver, and five horses: and that every Euzbaushee should have one tent and ten horses, and his arms, such as the sword, and the bow, and the quiver, and the mace, and the club, and the

coat of mail, and the breastplate." Vests of cotton were often worn, as being lighter than iron armour, by the soldiers of the east. Timur, however, describes himself as armed in a stronger manner. "And I determined (says he) on that measure which was agreeable to my soldiers; and I placed a helmet of steel on my head, and I clothed myself in the armour of Dauood, and I hung a cimeter of Missur by my side, and I sat on the throne of war," p. 143. This armour of Dauood, or David, was given to Timur by Ipocrates the Christian king of Georgia; he pretended that David the king of Israël had forged it with his own hands in a smith's shop. Histoire de Timur, Bec. vol. i. p. 400. An account of the arms of the Moguls may be seen in Thevenot's Travels, Part iii. c. 23.

Page 34.—*Huge beasts.*

When Timur asked counsel of his sons and ameers whether he should go to reduce the empire of Hindoostan, the Prince Mahummed Sooltan spoke, saying, "We may subdue Hind, yet Hindostaun hath many ramparts; first the rivers; and secondly, the wildernesses and the forests; and thirdly, the soldiers clad in armour; and fourthly, *the elephants, the destroyers of men,*" p. 129. At the siege of Delhi the army of Timur was much discouraged at the idea of being opposed to elephants, which they had never seen before: and in which the sultan's army chiefly trusted. At the close of the battle, however, Timur enjoyed the triumph of having one of them, which the soldiers had hampered, brought before him: of the rest he

became master when he entered Delhi. According to Pennant, the elephant is becoming of great importance to the English armies in India. The former disuse of him arising from a notion that he would require great care and expence in feeding, which is so far from being the case that he will subsist on what the horse and ox refuse to eat. The strength of the elephant in draught Pennant reckons, I think, equal to that of sixteen bullocks.

Page 42.—*Wild crane.*

"On the way from Tenedos we were amused by vast caravans or companies of cranes passing high in the air, to winter, as we supposed, in Egypt. We admired the number and variety of their squadrons, their extent, orderly array, and apparently good discipline." Chandler's Travels in Asia, p. 22, 4to. At p. 81, he says, "The cranes flew in orderly arrange-

ment over Smyrna, on the 9th of March, northward; some by moonlight, when they were heard high in air repeating their noisy signals." Sonnini, 1, 194, says, "The cranes directing their course to Egypt passed over our heads. They flew at so great an height, that although the sky was clear we scarcely perceived them, though they made the air resound with their cries. These birds pass from one country to another only in fine weather."

Page 51.—*The hyacinth.*

—— ἐειδομένας δ' ὑακίνθῳ,

Πιοτατάς φορεούσιν ἔπι κράτεσφιν ἐθείρας.

Dionys. Perieg. v. 1112.

And so Avienus, v. 1510.

—— efflua semper

His coma liventes imitatur crine hyacinthos.

In the hymn to Ceres, published as Homer's, v. 178, the less usual simile of the crocus is adopted.

ἀμφὶ δὲ καῖται
Ὤμοις ἀΐσσοντο Κροκήιω ἄνθει ὁμοιαῖ.

which is used also by Ovid, Art. Am. 1. 530.

—— Croceas irreligata Comas.

Page 61.—*The huge pharos.*

" The ship glided on toward the shore almost insensibly, until the land-breeze reached us, scented with the delicious fragrance of odorous trees and flowering shrubs. The night was still and clear. The moon in its wane gleamed over the waves and mountains. The coast was spangled with lights from the houses, which were overtopped by that of the pharos. We could distinctly hear at intervals the bells of the churches and convents, which

sounded sweetly, soft, and pensive."—Chandler's Travels in Asia, p. 6, describing his entering the bay of Genoa.

Page 61.—*Chalice.*

The custom of drawing water in the east belongs to the women, and particularly to young women who are single. The cool of the evening was the season to procure a supply for the morrow. The custom is of great antiquity. An instance occurs in the writings of Moses, and in Homer not anfrequently. A virgin, as the shepherds of the Troïa sing, says Philostratus, going to fetch water from the Scamander, saw the phantom of Antilochus by moonlight, and fell in love with the beautiful shadow.—For further illustrations of this custom, see Hom. Odyss. vii. 20. x. 105. xx. 154. Shaw's Tra-

vels, p. 241; and Dr. Henley's Notes on Vathek, p. 304.

Page 72.—*Single left.*

Shah Mansour, prince of Fars, or the proper Persia, was one of the least powerful but most dangerous of Timur's enemies. In a battle under the walls of Schiraz he broke with three or four thousand soldiers the coal, or main body of thirty thousand horse, where the emperor fought in person: no more than fourteen or fifteen guards remained near the standard of Timur. He stood firm as a rock, and received on his helmet two weighty strokes of a cimeter.—See Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vi. 336. According to Arabshah, P. i. c. 28. p. 183, the coward Timour ran away to his tent, and hid himself from the pursuit of Shah Mansour

under the women's garments. Perhaps Sherefeddin, iii. c. 25. has magnified his courage.

Page 72.—*Of thirty crowns.*

"At the age of thirty-four, and in a general delt, or couroultai, Timur was invested with imperial command: but he affected to reverse the house of Zingis; and while the Emir Timur reigned over Zagatai and the east, a nominal khan served as a private officer in the armies of his servant. A fertile kingdom, five hundred miles in length and breadth, might have satisfied the ambition of a subject; but Timur aspired to the dominion of the world: and before his death the crown of Zagatai was one of the twenty-seven crowns which he had placed on his head."—See Gibbon, vi. p. 335.

Page 76.—*A throstle.*

"The chanting thrush inhabits the southern parts of China; is said to be the only bird in that vast empire that has any thing like a song." Pennant's Faunula of China, V. iii. p. 199.

Page 82.—*Mynever.*

"Minever (says Mr. Gifford in his excellent edition of Massinger, vol. iv. p. 91.) as I learn from Cotgrave, is the fur of the ermine mixed with that of the small wesel." The truth is, the minever is the stoat in the white coat, which he assumes in winter. In more northern countries, where he is always white, he is called the ermine. The word minever is perfectly familiar to the common people in the eastern part of the kingdom. An accurate representation of

one may be seen in the spirited plate which forms the frontispiece to Pennant's Arctic Zoology, 4to.

Page 87.—*Cuckoo's lay.*

The English cuckoo migrates to Bengal; it is observable out of the multitudes of cuckoos that none have the note of the European. (See Pennant's Outlines, vol. ii. p. 264.) It is the skoefteri of the modern Greeks, and is called trigono kracti, as it is supposed to be the leader of the turtles, one of them passing into the islands with the turtle flocks. In Greece it is observed not to be a solitary bird. Sonnini says that it does not sing there.

Page 85.—*Whom in the waters wild.*

Lancelot du Lac: and Tristan le Léonnois, who loved 'Yseult la blonde,' daughter of Argius king of Ireland. See "Tables Généalogiques des Heros

des Romans, par Mons. Dutens," p. 17. See also Mr. Scott's Supplement to Sir Tristrem, p. 200.

" On Tristreme's bere
Doun con sche lye,
Rise ogayn did sche nere;
But thare con sche dye
For woe;—
Swiche lovers als thei
Never schal be moe."

Tristrem's dying speech in the French metrical fragment is very beautiful.

* * * * * *

" Je ne puis plus tenir ma vie,
Pur vus muers Ysolt, bele amie!
N'aver pitè de ma langur,
Mais de ma mort aurez dolur!

Co mést m'amie, grant confert,
Que pitè aurir de ma ment!
'Amie Ysolt!' trei fez dit,
A la quarte, rend l'esprit."

Page 97.—*The crocodile.*

The houses in Pegu were built with bamboo. The town was surrounded with walls and a deep wet ditch, stocked with crocodiles, to prevent people attempting to get in or out of it by swimming or wading. Pennant's Outlines, vol. iii. p. 13.

Page 121.—*Varinga.*

The 'ficus religiosa,' or banian tree.—See Mr. W. Daniel's beautiful print in Wood's Zoography, V. iii. p. 311, and the still more beautiful description in the 'Curse of Kehama,' c. 13. st. 5. by one to whom the Muse of poetry and history is doubly indebted,

Omnia namque animo complexus, et omnibus
auctor,
Qua fandi vis lata patet; sive orsa libebat
Aoniis vincere modis, seu voce solutâ
Spargere, et effreno Nimbos æquare profatu.

Stat. Sylv. 5. iii. 100.

O D E S.

ODE TO SOPHOCLES.

Oh, magic king! whose voice severe
The coy, reluctant Muse can sway,
When on the Bard's enraptur'd ear
She pours her deeply-thrilling lay;
Great monarch of the spell sublime,
That smooths the ruffled plume of Time,
And from thy bright immortal bowers
His scythe adorns with fairy flowers;

Oh! say, has e'er thy loved domain
To more enchanting cadence rung,
Than when it caught yon Attic strain,
By sweet Electra's poet sung?
For oft that strain was wont to flow
Around Cithæron's rocks of snow;
And oft his harp has lov'd to gleam
Amid the bowers of Academe.
Taught by the Muse, he smote the lyre,
And gazing at the minstrel's fire,
As Athens crowned his early youth with fame;
Yon hoary father shrieked aloud,
Hiding his laurel'd brow amid the crowd,
Though not inglorious he, or of forgotten name*.

* When Sophocles brought his first tragedy on the stage he won the prize from Æschylus, who withdrew to Sicily. See Brunck's Analecta, V. ii. p. 188.

Break off!—for see on yon pale mountain's side,
Like fearful visions of a storm,
What shadowy forms are seen to glide!
And fancy first shall him descry,
Known by his haggard look and sightless eye,
The man of Thebes, the incestuous monarch's form.

Oft on the regal front its splendour shewing,
The star of glory loves to shine,
Each sacred gift of power bestowing,
And flaming with a birth divine.
But he, whose hand a father's blood bedews,
* Who dares the pure paternal couch ascend;
He, whom at once a wife and mother views,
And at whose feet unhallowed children bend:

* "Si dulces furias, et lamentabile matris
Connubium, *gavisus* inii." Stat. Theb. 1. 69.

Can wealth or power to him restore
  The tranquil thought, the heart's repose,
Or bid his sorrows stream no more,
  Or with the voice of pity mitigate his woes?
Nor filial love, nor helpless age,
  Nor tears for ever taught to flow,
Can slake the god's indignant rage,
  Or shield him from the uplifted blow:
Gone is the kingly crown, the kingly mind,
With age, and exiled woes, and solitude behind.

Fled is the form.—With more majestic tread,
  Saw ye yon * injured warrior's shade pass by;
In stern defiance shook his helmed head,
  And glared in proud disdain his awe-commanding [eye.

* Pindar says, the judges were corrupted to give their votes in favour of Ulysses. Nem. vii. 44.

Oh! far amid the tropic tide,
And girt with Ocean's azure wave,
His angry spirit loves to glide
Amid the green isles of the brave;
Delights the beamy spear to throw,
To wave the nodding plume of snow,
Delights again the ponderous mace to wield,
And gird the clasping mail, and toss the seven-fold shield.

But see, impatient of delay,
* The sullen spirit stalks away;
Haste to the wounded chief who lies,

* — ὁ δὲ μ' ὄυδὲν ἀμείβετο, βῆ δὲ μετ' ἄλλας
Ψυχὰς εἰς ἔρεβος νεκύων κατα τεθνείωτων.
Hom. Odyss. N. 563.

Sad listening to the Ægean's mournful roar;
When bound for Ilium's palmy plain
The burnished vessel swept the main,
Alone they left him on the desart shore,
And Hope, the friend of all, hears not his frantic [cries.

Ten years alone the warrior lay,
His dark and solitary sleep,
Nor saw aught but the rolling bay,
Nor heard aught but the howling deep.
Yet o'er his youthful eyes would stray
Heroic dreams by fancy bred;
In thought he saw the obedient streamers play,
In thought the carnage steamed, and battle bled.
And oft at night, in thunder deep,
The Tyrrhene trump has roused his sleep,

In many a lengthening peal;
And o'er the mountain's cloudy steep
The darkening squadrons sheathed in steel
Would seem to float along;
Then has he girt his arms of might,
His fatal quiver slung;
And striding to the impetuous fight,
Awoke the battle-song.

To sooth his solitary hours
His god, his guardian-friend in visions came,
Awoke the hero's slumbering powers,
And pointed to the deathless wreath of fame:
Again the eye of languor gleams,
Again the wasted cheek has learn'd to smile,
For bounding o'er the ocean streams
Yon fated bark has reached the Lemnian isle.

Then high upon the trophied prow
In pride the youthful warrior stood;
And while the billows foamed below,
His blue arms sparkled in the flood.
His gleaming sword was seen to sweep
Athwart the bosom of the deep.
His angry spear was seen to ride
In triumph o'er the subject tide,
And ever and anon with look of joy,
He reared the fatal bow, and bent his eye to Troy.

—The vision sinks!—Yet last remains
One whose pale cheek the tear-drop stains,
For he who o'er Mycenæ spread,
With many a green and palmy bough,
His regal sceptre's ample shade,
That mighty king is fallen now.

Flow, flow ye bitter tears, and steep
A father's grave, a brother's urn;
Nor yet thy woes, poor injured maid, shall sleep,
While he, Orestes, lingers to return.
Ah, fly! adulterer monarch fly!
Ere yet Revenge shall close thy murderous scene.
—'Tis past.—The dagger gleams on high,
Oh! see how falls thy widow-queen!
Then slowly heave the pall aside,
And gaze upon the pale and blood-besmeared bride.
—'Tis gone.—The visionary form is fled!
That linger'd last on fancy's musing eye,
Closed is the sad procession of the dead,
Like the pale stars along the morning sky;

While he, great master of the tragic choir,
Last waves his laurel'd brow, and bends his eye of
fire.

THE MOON.

I.

They say, fair Moon! thy pallid clime
Rolls changeless round the realm of Time;
Thy silver fields and watery bowers
* Are softer, brighter, far than ours;
A blessed land, and passing fair to tell,
The very sweetest spot for mortal man to dwell.

* According to the disciples of Pythagoras, the plants in the moon are more beautiful, the animals fifteen times larger, and the days fifteen times longer than ours." See Plutarch. de Plac. Philos. ii. c. 30, and Travels of Anacharsis, iii. 179.

II.

And with that thought I've gazed on thee,
Till brighter thou did'st seem to be,
Till louder swelled the heavenly strain
That guides thee through yon boundless plain,
And I almost believed it was my prayer
That made thee forth to shine so bright, so wondrous fair.

III.

When eve, with palmer's modest mien,
Climbing yon western hill is seen,
And lingering down the dewy vale
The cuckoo chaunts his latest tale;
Then, thou to hear the songster's cry,
With step so soft and still, mov'st up the cloudless sky.

IV.

And o'er the waters cold and bright
Thou gazest through the still midnight;
Or is it not thine eye that gleams
So mild amid the ocean streams?
But thy fair sister, who does love to abide
With that chaste band of maids beneath the azure tide.

V.

Then fancy other shapes for thee
Does love to weave; and thou to me,
Fair Moon! in other guise art seen,
* A primrose on the vernal green,

* ———That primrose there,
Which 'mongst those violets sheds his golden hair,
Seems the sun's little son, fixt in his azure sphere.
P. Fletcher's Eclogues, 5. c. ii.

A little flower beloved by sun and dew,
Or pale swan floating on amid the waters blue.

VI.

And now among thy sister choir,
A vestal pure with lamp of fire:
And now by fancy thou art drawn
A saint-like lady clad in lawn,
A gentle damsel on the plain,
Guiding her palfrey white with rod and silken rein.

VII.

When Winter starting from his sleep
Peals his loud horn along the deep,
And calls the giant-gods who dwell
In mountain-cave, or ocean-cell;

Oh! then a watchman on the lonely tower,
Thou guard'st thy beacon-flame through many a
midnight hour.

VIII.

And dear to thee that season bright,
When, like the genii of the night,
And tossing wide their fiery hair,
The northern streamers dance in air,
And planets shine, and meteors glide afar,
On some bright message sent to many a distant star.

IX.

But when along the battle-plain
Thou glarest upon the ghastly slain;

On many a wide and gaping wound,
On broken armour strewn around,
On scatter'd plumes, and helmets riven,
Dark is the look thou wear'st amid the stormy
heaven.

X.

—'Tis past!—For he who by thy side
Did spread his tresses golden pride;
E'en he, the youthful star of day,
Flies from his favourite bride away,
Nor sees thee fainting and forlorn,
Fade like the love-lit lamp before the rising morn.

XI.

Alas! I mark'd thy sad return,
I saw thy fever'd forehead burn;

Thy cheek was flushed with scorn and shame,
Thy angry eye was red with flame;
And fast I saw thy hurrying journey run,
That thou might'st haste to climes untravell'd by
th sun.

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

I.

THERE came a beauteous image to my mind,
  That absent never since that hour has been;
  Nor have I from that blessed moment seen
Aught else, to nature's works of glory blind.
Mild was the look to me it wore, and kind
  The thoughts that from those eyes of lustre fell;
  Here then, as in a temple, it shall dwell
In sanctity, and far from human kind.

All other thoughts I now have put away,
  All that my years of youth were wont to cheer;
The labour that I loved; the mind's free play;
  And toil that seemed half sportive, half severe;
These shall farewell for ever, so I may
  Hold that within my heart so loved and dear.

II.

She came in shadowy vestment clad again,
  A golden fillet bound her braided hair,
  And like a Grecian lady she did wear
Her vest's resplendent cincture; of the train
She seemed of those who tread the Delphian fane
  With song and virgin symphony; or where
  Cephisus leads through grot and fountain fair
His silver-footed Naiad to the main.
And still when bound in slumber deep alone,
  Ever do I that beauteous form behold,
Ever the visionary semblance own
Of her, whose image in my heart I hold;
  The maid with golden diadem, and zone
Resplendent, and the vest of floating fold.

III.

That form has fled.—Before me shone what seemed
  An old barbaric city, in its pride
  Of towers and palaces, such as allied
To loftiest tradition: so have gleamed
Bactra, or Phrygian Pergamus, or, deemed
  Of highest fame, Selucia, where his tide
  Swift Tigris rolls; or by the Syrian side,
Where Balbec, empress of the desart, beam'd.
And on a throne of massive gold was seen
  One who her sceptre waved in regal might,
And she who seemed that ancient city's queen,
  Was clothed in the majesty of light.
I gazed, and it was she in form and mien,
  The maid I loved, so beautiful and bright.

IV.

Come, lady, let us roam the beechen bowers,
  And though their locks be shatter'd now and sere,
  Yet the last smile of the departing year
We'll share, ere winter bring his lonely hours.
And now when eve shuts up the drooping flowers,
  With curious hand the pencil thou wilt seize;
  Or if the lute's soft warbling more may please,
So best to wing away the autumnal hours.
But how shall I those pleasant times recal,
  When far from thee my wandering feet shall stray,
Can I forget that thou to me art all,
  All that I love; my hope, my joy, my stay?
Oh! heavily the hand of grief will fall
  On me, when dwelling lone and far away.

V.

Oh! no.—I would not dwell near thee again,
Loved as thou wert, and honour'd once of old;
Far other thoughts my heart from thee withhold,
And I would build upon another plain
My household roof and shelter: grief and pain
Are inmates with the restless and the bold;
And wisest he, who so his thoughts would hold
Calm, as the sunshine on the summer-main.
Woods that arrayed in leafy glory, bring
To their wild glades the heifer's wand'ring hoof,
And torrents down the mountain glens that ring
Me better please; and near the household woof,
And midst the vales, and rural hearths to sing
The songs that "must be sung high and aloof*."

* There is something come into my mind
That must and shall be sung high and aloof.
B. Johnson's Poetaster, p. 124.

VI.

It cannot be that in the muses bower
Are men, who bartering for their private gain,
The lustre of that ancient house would stain;
And following those who still for place and power
Are striving; forfeit that most beauteous dower
Bequeath'd them, and the virtues peaceful train
Desert, and wisdom with her countenance plain
And meek, and learning through the midnight hour
Still in his studious hermitage. Who then
Seeing the muses haunts by restless feet
Are trodden, and by bold and violent men;
Would wonder if the bard for scenes more meet,
For the lone valley, and the quiet glen
Should quit each venal hall, and crowded street.

VII.

Oh! beauteous Angel! who, if poet's song
Rightly report, didst make mankind thy care,
And wont in Adam's friendly bower to share
Mild converse with him; Angel! be not long,
If yet thou lovest us (though misrule, and wrong
Of heavenly good, well nigh have left us bare),
Down to these earthly mansions to repair,
With stern rebuke, and admonition strong.
Yet wherefore should'st thou come? have we not had
Voices of deeper tone, and mightier power?
Yea, God himself hath spoken. Oh! bold and bad,
Who from that sound have turned, nor knew each shower,
Earthquake, and storm, and pestilence were made
God's voice of old, to slay, destroy, devour.

VIII.

Oh! best, oh! earliest friend! and is it so,
  That thou art lying in thy grave-clothes cold,
  Ere half youth's pleasant summers yet be told?
And did disease with stealthy foot, and slow,
Come o'er thee, offering now, and now his blow
  Withholding, till with joy thine earthly mold
  Thou gav'st to him who gave it; nor to hold
Wished longer, nor delay the ravenous foe?
Yet much thou hast escaped of grief and pain,
  Of sights the human mind with sorrow bears;
Of avarice brooding o'er his unjust gain,
  And cruelty bemocking human fears.
Where could'st thou in these days of ill have lain
  Thy peaceful head, nor wept at misery's tears?

IX.

I said, that happiest he, who in his grave
From this bad world in early youth has fled;
For there is peace and quiet with the dead.
Nor tempest reaches them, nor wind, nor wave,
Nor storms that ever round the living rave
Without, and worse the heart within has bred.
Sin now has dyed earth's beauteous bosom red,
And walks abroad with fearless front, and brave.
Then, God be thanked, our noblest men are gone,
And joy to think they ne'er can rise again;
Our fathers cannot know what we have done,
Their name, their worth, their glory all to stain.
Thrice happy! who their mighty course have run,
Ere shame for us had filled their hearts with pain.

X.

So have I sung those mighty Grecian peers,
With whose great fame the world from side to side
Has thundered; glad with labour to have plyed
And argument of song my earliest years.
What time, that half the globe with doubts and fears,
Rock'd as an earthquake: and in wars long tried
Was wanting found that Austriack prince, whose pride
Bowed by the Danaw.—Many a widow's tears
Darken'd its blood-red billows, for the sight
Was ghastly; earth beneath its load of dead

Groaned, and in even scales the dubious fight
Hung poised, while thrice the western sun his head
Dropt in the ocean; then that fatal night
Descended, and the bold Hungarian fled.

THE END.

T. DAVISON,
Lombard-street, Whitefriars, London.

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